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What Mark Twain Said
From the Bookman.
Mark Twain had gladly accepted the invitation to address the dinner, and knowing that Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes were to be among them had prepared in high confidence a little skit telling of three absurd impostors who had announced themselves by these distinguished names at a miner's cabin in the far west. According to the story, a melancholy miner at whose cabin Mark Twain found shelter one night told him that three other "littery men" had stayed with him the night before and given him much trouble. They were Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Holmes. In reply to Mark Twain's question the miner gives an account of the visit.
They were a rough lot, but that's nothing; everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little

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bit of a chap, red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as 300, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly like an old man's, and he had a wig made of hair brushes. His nose lay straight down on his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking, I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin and then he took me by the buttonhole and says he:
"Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!"
Says I: "I can't afford it. Mr. Holmes, and moreover I don't want to." Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then he takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:
"Give me agates for my meat; Give me cantharids to eat.
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes!"
Says I: "Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel!"

Hunting Trip Spoiled
From Harper's Weekly.
"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"
"Fine," said Holloway.
"How did that new dog Wilkins give you work?" asked Dawson.
"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He an away at the first shot, and we spent four days looking for him."

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
Jericho, 1910.
THE Jordan! How shall I make you see it as it winds its way through this great gash in the thirsty face of old Mother Earth? All day long I have been traveling upon its banks in this, the lower part of its course. I have visited the ford where Joshua crossed with his army of Jews when he took possession of Canaan, have stood on the spot where it is said that Jesus was baptized of John, and have gone over the place where the waters were parted by the cloak of Elijah. Here at Jericho I am within a short gallop of the Dead sea, into which the Jordan flows, and sitting on the steps of my hotel I can see Mount Nebo, where Moses stood when he viewed the promised land, which he was not to enter. In former travels I have seen the Jordan, near the Sea of Galilee, and have been not far from its source in the Lebanon mountains.

In the Cellar of the Earth
This Jordan valley is the cellar of the world. It is a great trench, which begins 100 or more feet above the sea, in the Lebanon mountains, and within a distance of 150 miles as the crow flies cuts its way down to 1200 feet below sea level, where it ends in the Dead sea. The bottom of that sea is a half mile below the surface of the Mediterranean, and in Jericho, where I am writing, we are almost 400 feet below the highest point in Jerusalem. There is no other part of the earth uncovered by water

The Vegetation
As to the vegetation, there are some farms in the upper part of its course, and the sultan has a sugar plantation half way between Galilee and the Dead sea, where he works soldiers as laborers. There are small fields of grain, including millet, wheat and barley here and there, and I am told that rice and indigo can be grown.

Down near the Dead sea there is considerable cultivation on the Jericho plain. The land is irrigated by a stream from the mountains of Judea and by the spring of Elitsha. It is cut up into small patches, which are covered with orange groves, almond orchards and vineyards. Much of the fruit goes up to Jerusalem. There are also fields of egg plants, tomatoes and melons, and dates could undoubtedly be grown. All the way from here to old Jericho is a distance of three or more miles, are orchards, vineyards and gardens. They are fenced with thorn bushes,

slope from one to the other is almost 12 feet to the mile, or over 900 feet. Connecting them is this great trough of the Jordan, from one to 15 miles wide. Through it the sacred river runs. It winds about like a corkscrew, making so many turnings that it covers a course more than 300 miles in its 60 miles' distance. It goes with great force, has 25 cascades, and there are numerous falls where electric plants might be put in. The land on each side might be turned to rich farms if it could only have water, and it may be that the good fairy of electricity will some time bring the dead earth to life.

Baptizing the Pilgrims
It is at this spot that Christ is said to have been baptized of John in the Jordan. This place is about three miles from the Dead sea, where the water at ordinary times is four or five feet deep. It is the principal place of pilgrimages to the Jordan, and is the scene of tens of thousands of baptisms a year. The chief time for baptizing is Easter, when the Russians come by the thousands and when other members of the Greek church unite with them in a great caravan which comes here and camps.

At that time the water is blessed by the high priest of the church, and there are many priests here to baptize the faithful. The women and men dress in white garments and go into the water together. They change their clothes on the shore. The garments they wear in the water are usually shrouds, which they have brought from home with them for this purpose, and which they intend to take back to be used at their burials.

The scenes of these baptisms make



Russian Pilgrims at the Jordan

where the land for any distance is sunk in for even 200 feet below the level of the ocean. This is the greatest trough of the world, and one of the strangest.

Typical of the heaven valley of the Jordan is emblematic of hell. The most of it is as thirsty as the dry sands of the Sahara, and just now its heat is as torrid as Topstet. The plain over which I rode today on my way to the river was covered with thorn bushes. The only green after leaving the irrigated farms about Jericho was that which borders the gully through which the Jordan runs, the remainder being of alkaline earth thrown up by the floods in castles and mounds, making gullies and hills of all sizes and shapes.

The mean temperature of Jerusalem is 64 Fahrenheit. It is temperate throughout and the snow falls there in the winter. The heat here is as great

the thorns on which are great hooks turning inward. They are said to be the same thorns as those of which the crown of our Savior was made.

How the Jordan Looks
The Jordan is not navigable. It has no harbors, no boats and no cities or villages of any account along its whole course. It has numerous fords, but no bridge over it. There is a wooden bridge about six miles above the Dead sea. It is a toll bridge, with fords above and below it. The people use the bridge only when the river is high. At other times the caravans save the toll by passing over the fords.

On its course from Galilee to the Dead sea the river narrows and widens. The Jordan is a swift, black, sullen current flowing between ugly mud banks covered with refuse, now it comes close to the mountains which border the valley on either

one think of a picnic. The men, women and children rush about, some bathing and some drinking. The priests dip each three times in the Jordan and give him their blessing. After baptism some soak other shrouds in the river to condense the steam and carry them home to their friends. They also drink of the dirty water and bottle it up to take home. Some of the pilgrims are old and have to be lifted in and out of the river. The current is swift, and men are frequently drowned.

The Dead Sea
Leaving the Jordan, we make our way down the Jordan valley. The Dead sea is a long, narrow body of water, and winds about through dry, thirsty hills. The land is salty and alkaline and all nature is dead. How hot the sun is, and how glaring! Our eyes smart, and horrible flies crawl with legs of glue over our face. We try to brush them off, but they alight again, and bite as they crawl.

Now we are on the shore of the sea. It is covered with pebbles and driftwood. It looks more like a lake than a sea, and it is just about the size of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. It is only 50 miles long and 10 miles in width, and we can see from one end of it to the other.

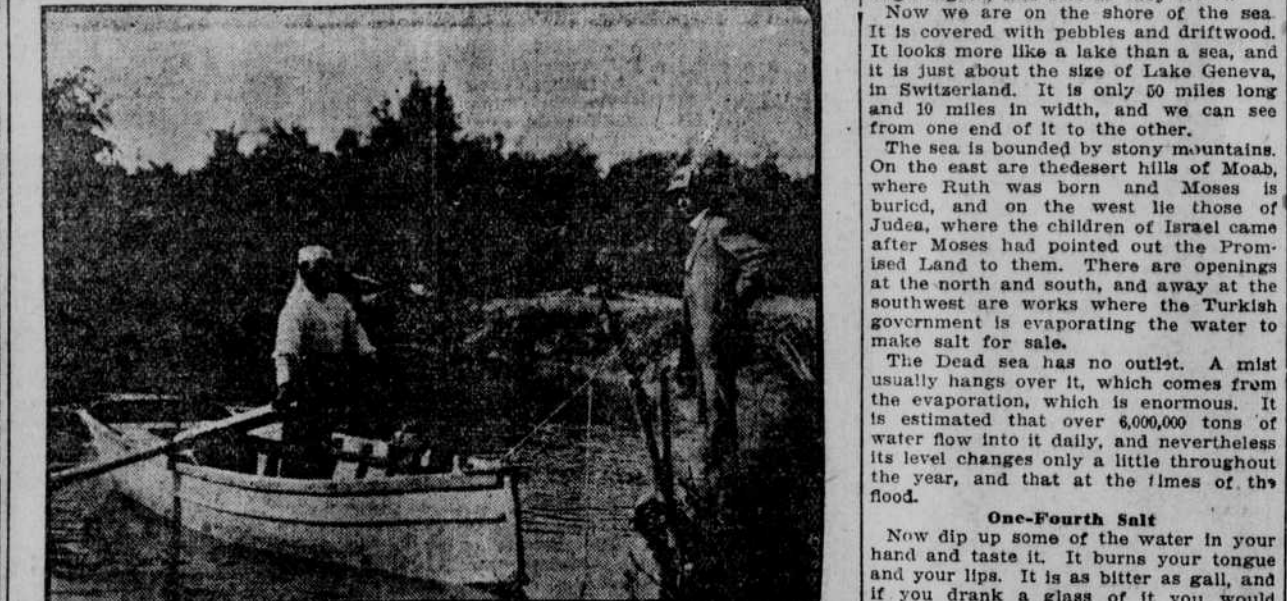
The sea is bounded by stony mountains. On the east are the desert hills of Moab, where Ruth was born and Moses is buried, and on the west lie those of Judea, where the children of Israel came down from Mount Sinai. The Promised Land to them. There are openings at the north and south, and away at the southwest are works where the Turkish government is evaporating the water to make salt for sale.

The Dead sea has no outlet. A mist usually hangs over it, which comes from the evaporation, which is enormous. It is estimated that over 4,000,000 tons of water flow into it daily and nevertheless its level changes only a little throughout the year, and that at the times of the flood.

One-Fourth Salt
Now dip up a spoonful of the water in your hand and taste it. It burns your tongue and your lips. It is as bitter as gall, and if you drank a glass of it you would probably die. It is about the saltiest water on earth. If you will take a gallon and boil it down you will find that one-fourth of the contents is solid. It is six times as salty as the salt of the ocean and a cubic mile of it would contain 900,000 tons of mineral matter. The sea is so enormous you cannot comprehend it, but at ninety tons to the car it would take ten million cars to carry that much, and if your cars were a little under 4000 tons each, it would require the load would reach 80 miles.

If you would further test the water, take an egg and drop it into the sea. It will float, leaving one-third of the egg above the surface. A fresh egg will sink in fresh water, and we break our egg to be sure it is fresh.

Another test. Let us strip off our clothing and go in for a swim. You do



On the Jordan. Mr. Carpenter Stands at the Night

as that of the center of Nubia. Dates can be grown, and in the past Jericho was known as the city of palms.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Jordan
But this is not the character of the whole course of the Jordan. Let me give you a bird's-eye view of the river, or, better, let us suppose we have taken an aeroplane and are going from its source in the Lebanon mountains to where it loses itself in the great sea of salt below. It rises on the foot of Mount Hermon, whose peak is covered with snow the greater part of the year. It has two or three different sources. One is near Dan and higher up is another at Banias, near the spot where Christ said:

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is from Banias that the Jordan has its chief start. It comes from a cave in the limestone rock which is now choked up with stones, but out of which the water flows in a great volume, cold, sweet and pure. There are trees about the cave and the stream runs through a beautiful park down to Lake Huleh, which is only seven feet above the sea. The spring of Banias has always been noted for its sweetness and purity. It is said the waters and caves were formerly dedicated to the god Pan, and that from this the name Banias, or Panias, came. Greek tablets have been found nearby, and ruined temples and columns show that the place was once the site of a considerable city. It has now only a mud village of about 60 huts.

Going down to Lake Huleh, we see a marshy catchment basin into which other streams run and from which the Jordan flows out. There is little activity about the lake. A few Bedouins live near it and their only business seems to be making mats of the papyrus reeds which grow on the shores. These are the waters of Jericho mentioned in Joshua.

A little farther down is the main crossing to Damascus. The place is known as the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters, and the stream is here on the level of the sea. It drops 80 feet in the next 100 miles, having a continuous series of cascades from these almost to the Sea of Galilee.

The remainder of the Jordan's course runs between the seas of life and death. I refer to the Sea of Galilee, at the north, and the Dead sea, at the south. The first is sweet, full of fish and surrounded by verdure. The other is saltier than any other water on earth, and is so bitter and poisonous that no living thing can exist within it. The distance between the two seas is a straight line north and south is about 65 miles, and the

side, and down here at the Dead sea it reaches a width of 50 feet, being so shallow that you could almost wade across it.

The water catches the denudations of the mountains. It changes in color from season to season, and in the spring it spreads out in floods over the valley. It is said that the partings of the water in order that the Israelites might pass over when the river was at its highest. Just now it is low and is almost clear.

Baptismal Water
It is not a sweet water at this point in its course, for it has gathered the salts and other minerals from this dry, thirsty country, and it is so full of bad matter that those who carry it home for baptisms have to boil and filter it to keep it from envenoming. I have several canteens which I filled myself from the stream, or rather with the water which I brought here in wine bottles from the Jordan and had boiled and filtered before it was put into the cans. If I ever have a grandchild it shall be baptized with this water.

Crossing the Jordan
But let us visit the river and cross it to the land where the Moabites live. It is only a few miles from Jericho, and we can drive there in a carriage. As we start the great white blazing sun is climbing the Rhine and the Hudson, the Potomac, and even the Shenandoah, could swallow the Jordan without bulging, and just now it is so small that in the United States it would not be known as a river.

Nevertheless, the current is swift at this place and we hire a fisherman to take us across. He charges 25 cents for the boat, and for this row us up and down stream for an hour. He

stands up as he rows and leans on the oars. We go to the other side of the Jordan and climb out through the willows. How quiet it is! The only sound is the ripple of the stream as it washes the banks and the sweet-scented birds which sing in the trees at our left. As we return we lean over and bathe our hands in the Jordan. The water is cold. It looks like weak milk when taken up in a bottle. We taste it. It is acrid and salty and we spit it out in disgust.

wash off the salt.

It was right here on the plain of the Jordan, which was then, before the volcanic destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, as rich as Egypt, that the nephew of Abraham and the cousin of Ishmael and Isaac, the good man Lot had his estate, and it was in Sodom that he lived, one of the richest and the only just man in the city. It was from there that he went out with Mrs. Lot and the two girls. And it is said to be at the southwest end of the lake, not far away, that Mrs. Lot turned and looked back, and as we may suppose, longed for the flesh pots of Sodom. And Lot's wife became a pillar of salt. There are still deposits of rock salt at that end of the lake, and the guides now show the remains of a pillar which they say was once Mrs. Lot, and which has since been picked up by the camels that it has almost disappeared.

do not know how? That makes no difference in this salty sea. The water is so heavy you could sink if you tried. You can lie on your back and float about all day long. You can stand upright and tread; but it is almost impossible to maintain such a position. Your feet have a tendency to fly to the surface, and you dry out like "the monkey on the stick." Now try to swim. Your feet fly out of the water, and you cannot move on, as though the water were fresh. Now let us wade out and let the sun dry our skins. We feel as though we have not been painted with muscadine. We are gummy and oily and incriminated with salt. We have been scratched as we came through the thorn bushes, and the salt have got into the sores and they are burning like fire. We shall not be happy until we can get some fresh water to

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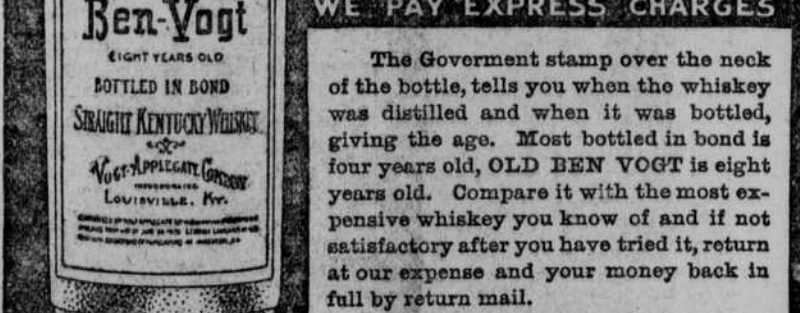
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"Your free sample bottle came to me in due time and I was so gratified with results that I bought a larger bottle and am so in favor of its effects that I am putting others on the track to get relief. I am 78 years old and have been troubled with a torpid liver, but feel that I now have the right remedy and will no longer have the trouble. Also it acts without inconvenience."—Mrs. W. H. Carter, Maywood, Ill.
"I am 73 years old; have been seriously afflicted with heart trouble for over 15 years, unable to do anything during that time; have spent all I had doctoring with several local doctors and many specialists, all to no purpose. My case is a very hard one and incurable; constipation of a very serious nature. I would, for years, go from three to five days without a movement; would take pills, salts, etc., until I was entirely tired of life. Have tried everything I saw your ad; sent for free sample of Syrup Pepsin, received it and it did me so much good that I got a 50c bottle and have taken it as per directions regularly; shall get another bottle today. It has done me a world of good. It is the nearest to take and the most effective of any remedy I have ever used. It is simply a god-send to me."
—A. Lewis, R. 3, Box 51, Bentonville, Ark.
"I received your free sample of Syrup Pepsin and have taken it and am now taking a 50c bottle. It is doing me a great deal of good. I have had trouble more or less with my stomach ever since I left the army, but have never taken very much medicine for it, but the sample you sent me did me so much good I thought I would give it a trial. It is helping me and I shall continue to take it. I can recommend it to any one having stomach trouble and heart trouble."—Geo. S. Spaulding, Nat. Soldiers' Home, Kansas.
"I have tried your Syrup Pepsin and found it all that you claim. I am recommending it to the old veterans and they are buying it on my word. I shall use it as long as I live. I cannot praise it enough."—Elias Glavin, National Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill.